

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1863.

TESTIMONY.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

Christianity is a religion of fact; of fact more than of theory; of fact more than of philosophy. Its necessity is the melancholy fact of human ruin by sin. Its foundation is laid in the facts that constitute the atoning work of Jesus; and its results are the facts wrought by delivering grace in the hearts of believers.

As christianity is based on fact, so she teaches by her facts, she impresses the world by her facts, and she ceases to impress the world with her power, just where she ceases to exhibit the demonstration of fact, in her conquest over human hearts.

She has theory and she has philosophy, but these are not the arm of her strength; she has form and order, and ritual and ceremony, but these are a pompous mockery of the wants of the human soul when her power to save is gone.

Fact must be propagated by testimony. A solemn declaration or affirmation made for the purpose of establishing or proving a fact; and christianity the religion of fact, has always depended, and must forever depend for her success, upon the testimony of those in whose hearts she has wrought out her results. Of the millions that constitute her disciples to-day, not one in many thousands, could defend his religion by processes of reasoning, against the shafts of infidelity; for not one in many thousands is sufficiently skilled in logic, or versed in history to wield the weapons which the latter furnishes in vindication of the truth. God's plan is infinitely simpler and infinitely wiser than to attempt to make all his people logicians—it is to make them all witnesses; witnesses "who speak that they do know, and testify that which they have seen." Pure questions of logic are almost never settled. Questions of fact are soon and forever set at rest. The facts that inaugurated christianity in the earth endorsed its divinity and power so fully, that the foundations of the system

have not been shaken by any of the numerous and powerful assaults which they have suffered. The early disciples were all witnesses, confessors, preachers, proclaimers of the power of Christ to save; and the apostles themselves appear to have been little in the habit of discussion, but mainly proclaimers and witnesses of Jesus. Thus it was not by argument but by testimony that the early christians exerted a power in the face of imprisonments, banishments and tortures, which proclaimed them invincible. "And they"—the witnesses—(Gr. *martyrs*) "overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." Paul the mighty preacher of Christ crucified, wrought through grace some of the most astonishing results of his ministry by simply declaring the facts of his own christian history, and his idea of preaching seems to be set forth in Acts xx. 24, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." The language of his call to the ministry was, "For thou shalt be his witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." Nay, the Holy Spirit through whose mighty ministrations alone the church was allowed to expect success, was promised to her under this title, "He shall testify of me." "John was in the Isle of Patmos, for the testimony of Jesus." "And when he (the angel) had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain, for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

As the gospel was introduced and achieved its early triumphs under the power of personal testimony in the Holy Ghost, so for its success in all subsequent time, it must rely upon the testimony of the men and women it has saved. Where the testimony of the church is unequivocal, earnest, and specific there the truth must have way.

Men do not commonly receive their ideas of the gospel from the Bible, but from the church, and they are found always to have a reverence for the Scriptures and for the claims of religion, gauged with wonderful accuracy upon the spirituality and holy living of the church where they dwell. Some one has said, the church is the world's Bible, and there is much truth and much force in the saying: how im-

portant is it therefore that the two books should agree in their readings.

Strictly speaking testimony is only of the lips or pen, and the Scriptures do not seem to use the word in any other than its strict meaning; for though there is much in the life of a good man to give weight to his words, yet the Scriptures never recognize these practical exhibitions of godliness, under the title, testimony. They talk vainly therefore who suggest that a christian—any christian should close his lips, and “let his life testify.” The work of the Spirit is in its very nature internal, and therefore hidden. Mere correctness or innocency of life proves nothing with regard to a man’s religious state—since notoriously irreligious and even infidel men reared in christian lands, exhibit much apparent excellence of character: for the gospel wherever it comes erects a standard of morals which acts powerfully and even controllingly upon some persons who are not evangelically converted by its agency.

In view of these things it seems important that the lips of the people of God should be unsealed every where, and that every christian should be made to feel that his personal testimony is needed for the defence and promotion of the cause of his Saviour. Christians should speak plainly, devoutly, frequently, earnestly, specifically, meekly, prayerfully, touching all the work of grace in their souls. God’s cause is suffering every where, and lights are going out all around because God’s order has been violated and lips have been sealed in silence that should have been employed in proclaiming the wonderful works of God. We are not ignorant of the pleas with which men seek to shut the mouths of God’s people. They say one holy life is worth many noisy tongues.

There was no objection to Paul’s holy life; the thing that troubled the world was his incessant testimony for Christ. Just as it is at this day—the worst of sinners have no fault to find with the lives of good men. They are quite resigned that they shall pray as much, give as much, and fast as much as they please. Their burning words are what they dread: for there is always something in the testimony of a holy man, which has a tormenting power upon the heart of a man determined not to leave his sins. But let every member of the church of God consider “*Ye are my witnesses saith the Lord.*”

CLIPPINGS FROM BUSINESS LETTERS.

THE INFLUENCE IS SPREADING.—A brother in Michigan, sends us a good list of new subscribers and thus writes:

The Guide, Br. Degen, is having a good effect upon our hearts. We are struggling for the full *light* and *liberty*. We try to give ourselves, we *do* give ourselves all up to God, through Jesus’ power. The satisfaction we have felt in getting and sending you these subscribers has been sufficient remuneration for our labor. The influence of the Guide we think begins to manifest itself in the writer’s preaching. He loves holiness more; loves to talk about it, and preach about it. He does not deal so much in metaphysical speculations and airy flights. There seems to be more point and spirit. Thank God, “He is able to do exceeding abundant above all that we are able to ask or think.”

REVIVALS WITHOUT HOLINESS.—Another correspondent closes a similar business letter, with the following testimony:

I live in the midst of Methodists, and they boast of a great revival last winter and are said to have added seventy-four new converts to the Church; but they are all very wary of holiness. Although there is not one amongst them but what can afford to buy fashionable clothing, and other luxuries, they can’t afford to take the Guide to Holiness. They can do without holiness. They want a religion that will take them easily to heaven. Being converted to the Church and being converted to God are two things. “If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear.” As I understand the Bible there will be but a small part of the Church members that will inherit eternal life.

CHILDREN’S CORNER.

LITTLE MARY’S FAITH.—One day a party went down the harbor in a sail-boat. The weather was fine when they started. In the afternoon a black cloud arose, the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed, occasioning great alarm among the ladies. One lady was more-frightened than the rest. Her little daughter nestled toward her. Taking her hand, and looking up into her mother’s face with a look of pity and surprise, “Mother,” said she, “God is in the thunder. Can’t we

trust him when he speaks *loud* as well as when he speaks *easy*?"

"Yes, my child," replied the rebuked mother, with a tear in her eye. "And pray, Mary, that I may have the perfect trust of a little child."

How precious was little Mary's faith!

THE SOLDIER TO HIS CHILDREN.

The following exquisite poem is taken from the Boston Transcript as written in camp, after a battle, by a soldier to his children at home.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining,
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing,
Meaning, wailing through the air;
Breaking hearts, in anguish crying
For the lost ones—for the dying;
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting;
Brothers red with brothers' gore—
Only that the wrong we're fighting—
Truth and honor's battle fighting—
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining
For your kisses on my cheek;
For your dear arms round me twining;
For your soft eyes on me shining;
For your loved words, darlings—speak!

Tell me, in your earnest prattle,
Of the olive branch and dove;
Call me from the cannon's rattle;
Take my thoughts away from battle;
Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining,
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

WHERE DOES JESUS LIVE?

One day the wife of a missionary among the Karens was engaged in teaching a number of heathen children in the garden, when a wild-looking boy rushed in through the opening in the hedge and asked, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" "What do you want with Jesus Christ?" "I want to see him, I want to confess to him," answered the boy. "What then have you done that you need to make confession?" With great emphasis he repeated his question: "Does he live here? That is what I want to know? What have I done? Why, I lie, I steal, I do everything that is

bad, and I am afraid of hell. Does he live here? O tell me where I can find Jesus?" The woman told him: "He does not save any from hell if they go on in their evil ways." Thereupon the boy said: "I would gladly cease from them but I cannot. I don't know how I shall ever do it; wicked thoughts are in me and wicked deeds come from the wicked thoughts; then what shall I do?" The woman replied: "You must come to Christ poor boy as all others must. But you cannot see him now." Then the youth burst out into a loud cry as if now he had lost everything. The woman comforted him. "I am his humble friend and follower. He has given me a commission to tell all those who would be saved from hell, how it may be done." "Tell me that," begged the boy, "O tell me that! Pray your Lord, the Lord Jesus Christ to save me and I will be your servant, your slave my whole life long. Be not cruel, do not send me away? I do indeed wish to be saved—to be saved from hell!" Gladly was the boy taken into the mission school where he grew in faith and in knowledge. Truth and grace removed from his countenance its heathenish wildness and stupidity. Long ago he put on the white robe of Christ's righteousness, and was baptized.

THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.

A row of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little roguish eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide
The little errors of the day to chide.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

A YOUTHFUL SAGE.—"Would you like to be a judge?" said a gentleman one day to a very precocious five-year-old boy. The child gravely replied, "I think I should like better still to teach the children about Jesus, and how he hung upon the cross for them, for that would make them love him; and if they loved him, *they would be good, and not need to be judged at all.*"

JEHOVAH HAS TRIUMPHED!

Begin with Chorus.

Arr. by W. McDONALD.

1. Sing, for the pride of the ty-rant is bro-ken— His chariots, and

2. Vain were their boasting, the Lord having spoken, And chariots, and

Chorus.

horsemen all splen-did and brave! Sound the loud tim-brel o'er

horsemen were sunk in the wave! Sound the loud tim-brel o'er

Egypt's dark sea! Je-ho-vah has triumphed, his people are free!

Egypt's dark sea! Je-ho-vah has triumphed, his people are free!

3.

Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

4.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

5.

For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

HOLINESS A MORAL NECESSITY.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

The necessity of holiness is based on the positive injunctions of the Scriptures and on the idea of fitness. "Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself; and let him be your fear and your dread." "Be ye holy for I am holy." "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." This doctrine of holiness shines through the whole volume of inspiration with increasing power and brilliancy. From the first promise of a coming atonement for human sin to the apocalyptic visions which close the canon of Holy Scripture, holiness is written on every page. The biography of the volume is holiness in exemplification; the teaching of the volume holiness in theory. The Mosaic dispensation presented it in type and shadow and ceremony; the Christian, in antitype and substance and power. The book itself is by common consent designated the "Holy Bible." In this sacred character it has been enshrined in the hearts of millions and revered with an intensity of feeling only surpassed by the reverence we have for God himself. No man

receiving this book as God's word, can consistently doubt the inflexible necessity of holiness.

This necessity is also based on the idea of fitness. We are naturally unholy. This truth is the substratum of the whole christian system. It is a universally acknowledged fact in man's moral history. Almost every religious system is founded upon it. The highest forms of civilization confess its existence, and the lowest forms of barbarism are but its exemplification.

Yet we occupy a high moral position. Our fall neither annihilated us, nor degraded us from our natural rank in the scale of being. We are still intelligent moral beings, capable of the highest forms of worship, and possessed of a nature, by the power of grace, conformed to the divine. But it is only by our restoration to holiness that we can perform the functions of our high position. Infinite purity can only be pleased with worship rendered "in spirit and in truth." Only the pure song and the hallowed prayer are incense well pleasing to Him. Hence the psalmist, "worship the Lord with holy worship." "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

The christian character can only be

sustained by holy living. Growth in grace is growth in holiness. Religious enjoyment is the legitimate result of holiness. Christian effort is practical holiness. The graces of the Spirit are the various forms in which holiness is exemplified in the life of believers. There is a beautiful fitness between the doctrinal holiness of christianity and its practical development in the church of God. It is the adaptation of the foundation to the edifice. It is as essential to the existence of the christian character as the foundation is to the building. How beautiful and appropriate these words, "building yourselves up on your most holy faith." If the foundation be *most holy* surely the edifice should correspond.

This idea of fitness as the ground of the necessity of moral purity will be more appreciated in the light of eternity. Did we say that God has given us a high natural and moral position in the scale of being? We may add that he has opened before us an interminable future of holy praise, holy employment, holy pleasure. But can it be realized by the impure soul? Can angels dwell in the embrace of demons? Can God and Satan jointly occupy the throne of the universe? Neither can impurity walk the plains of paradise, stand in its holy light and join in its hallowed songs. Destroy the divine provision for human purity and you seal heaven's fountains, you bar its gates, you make it an impossibility. There are no robes that have not been washed in the blood of the Lamb; there are no crowns that are not the reward of holy living. Its trees are trees of life; its gates are gates of pure gold; its foundations transparent precious stones; its streams health-perpetuating; its sea a sea of crystal.

Its light, has no physical sun; its day has no night; its atmosphere carries no death-giving element. Can it ever be ours without moral fitness? Can we be fit without being holy?

Hamden, Ct.

THE INNER CALM.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast,
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretching wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or my wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.

EFFECTUAL FERVENT PRAYER.—It is not the length, but the strength of prayer, that is required; not the labor of the lip, but the travail of the heart, that prevails with God. "Let thy words be few," as Solomon says, but full, and to the purpose.

TO THE READERS OF THE GUIDE.

Dear friends: I have felt a desire for a long time to address a few thoughts to you on the subject of personal holiness, through the medium of the Guide, but the fear of trespassing too much on its limited space, and the consciousness of my own inability has hitherto prevented me. But when I consider that what talents the Lord has put into my hands he has bid me occupy till he come, I do not feel at liberty on account of the paucity of their number, to envelop them in a napkin. Three years have almost passed away since through the abounding mercy of God I experienced the blessing of perfect love, which experience has been before you. I was then as it were ushered into a new world. A new world of faith and hope. A new world of joy and peace; and of labor and responsibilities from which I have felt no desire to be exonerated. From that happy moment the field of my spiritual vision has been radiant with the glorious rays of the Sun of righteousness, beaming full-orbed upon my soul; and my peace which from the first, has been like a river, has continued to flow on in a broad and even channel deepening and expanding, and through grace I trust it will continue to flow until it is merged and lost in the boundless ocean of God's eternal love. I need not tell you that the happy change I then experienced will form an era in my short probation which I shall not cease to contemplate with admiration and praise while time rolls on, or eternity endures. I mention these delightful frames and emotions and this sweet and constant peace, as further testimony of the legitimate fruits of holiness; and as incentives to others to seek and obtain that pearl of inestimable price. Some of you, many

I trust, have drank from the same cleansing fountain, and know from a happy realization, the joys of a full and present salvation. Such I would hail as brothers and sisters in the Lord, pre-eminently beloved—would hail as the precious ones of earth, and the sure and happy expectants of a blissful immortality. To such I would say, be faithful. Let not the superior light which the Holy Spirit has lit up within you, be shrouded under a bushel; but let it be like a broad beacon light to allure and direct the dark and benighted mariner on life's tempestuous sea away from the rocks and shoals of sin and unbelief, into the peaceful harbor of the rest of faith, and ultimately into the haven of God's eternal rest. Realize that there are vast responsibilities resting on you; in the same proportion as you have made professions and elevated your standard above the ordinary level of those around you; and in the same proportion any aberrations from the path of holiness will recoil upon yourselves, and much more upon the precious doctrine which you above all others are bound and expected to carry out and exemplify in all your intercourse with men. Be not satisfied with a barely negative holiness; but let your time and talents, like those of your divine Master, be employed in doing good and in shedding light on the darkness which every where surrounds you. Be not backward in contributing to the columns of the Guide "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" on the glorious themes it advocates, and thereby aid in the glorious contest, which by the promise of God is ere long to triumph over all the feeble barriers which sin and unbelief may raise against it. In a word, let your whole life be an exemplification of the

pure doctrine you profess.

But there is another class which I fear composes a large majority of the readers of the Guide who are merely theoretical believers of the doctrine of entire sanctification and are themselves conscious, and frankly acknowledge that they have not experienced the blessing. To such I would say, it is a matter of rejoicing that your understandings have been so far enlightened, and your prejudices removed, that you believe the blessing attainable; but it is also a matter of deep regret, that you who "know your Master's will, even your sanctification" should remain so long without it. I doubt not that often, while reading the happy experiences published from time to time in the Guide, the thought has come up from the depths of your inmost soul, O, that such were my own experience. But has not that thought been "like the morning cloud and early dew," which has soon passed away and left no durable impressions on the heart? Are you not conscious that the strongest desires and greatest efforts put forth to obtain this blessing have been no way commensurate with the value of the blessing sought? Have you ever in the true sense of the word hungered and thirsted after righteousness, even for a clean heart? Ah, I know you have not, for if you had, as God's word is true, you would have been filled. "You know there is balm in Gilead, and a physician there." Why then are you not cured of the dreadful disease of sin? You are sensible there is a fountain set open in which you may wash and be clean. Why then linger ye around its brink, while you might have stepped in and been made whole? O could you but have a faint idea of the blessedness there is in per-

fect love, and the deep pervading peace which characterize the pure in heart! And oh! above all could you have a realizing sense of the guilt of your unbelief, and the dishonor you bring upon your Saviour, while your indifference and apathy keeps you from accepting at his hands all that his dying love has purchased for you! Does not the indifference you manifest on this subject, virtually say, "I care not for the blessing; it is not worth my seeking?" Ah! do you not know you cannot die without it if heaven is ever to be your home? And should death cut you down to-day, would it not be with you one day too soon? O, my brother, my sister, let me intreat you before you dismiss these thoughts from your mind, to retire to your closet, and there in deep contrition of soul, confess your sin of unbelief, which has thus kept you away from the Saviour—from the full participation of his love: and with a full consecration of your whole being to him, with an entire confidence in the efficiency of his blood to cleanse you from all sin, receive him to your heart; and ere you leave that blessed retreat, you may be made whole, and enjoy that holiness of heart without which no one shall see the Lord! But should you turn away from this request; and live on as in days and months that are past, the day may never come when you can say, Jesus has made me clean. With these thoughts I must leave you to meet the retributions of eternity, by adopting the prayer of the Great Apostle, "That the very God of peace may sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it;" if on

your part, you comply with his requisitions.

But there is still another class who are at least occasional readers of the Guide; who are without hope and without God in the world. I would in faithfulness to your souls say to you, what perhaps you at present are insensible of, that your state is awful beyond description; and remaining where you are but a short time your doom is sealed for eternity. I pity you; and would fain help you to realize your lost condition. Think not that your situation is an unfortunate and innocent one; no, it is in consequence of deep and long contracted *guilt*. I fear you have never measured its depth, in turning away from the calls and invitations of the gospel—in slighting and rejecting the Saviour, and in resisting the influences of the Spirit, nor the deep, accumulated guilt resting on you for the violation of God's holy and righteous law. Although living under the full blaze of the gospel, you are altogether insensible of your guilt and imminent danger. You are perhaps dreaming that all is well. Listen no longer to the syren song of the insidious foe of God and man, who would gladly lead you on to eternal death; but bend your ear to the sweet voice of the compassionate Saviour, who is calling you by his mercies—by his word and ministers, and by his dying agonies, to come unto him and live. I fear you have rolled sin and pollution so long under your tongues, that you have but a feeble appetite for holiness or heaven. Although you have been warned a hundred times, I would warn you once more “to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on the hope set before you in the gospel.” Repent of your sins by turning unto righteousness—

believe on the Lord Jesus; and joy and peace, and holiness and heaven shall be yours. That these thoughts may benefit those for whom they were designed and aid the cause of holiness is the prayer of your brother and friend.

U. B.

JOY IN THE CROSS.

There is more joy in enduring a cross for God than in the smiles of the world; in a private, despised affliction, without the name of suffering for his cause, or anything in it like martyrdom, but only as coming from his hand, kissing it and bearing it patiently, yea gladly, for his sake, out of love to him, because it is his will so to try thee. What can come amiss to a soul thus composed?

I wish that even they who have renounced the vain world, and have the face of their hearts turned Godward, would learn more this happy life, and enjoy it more; not to hang so much upon sensible comforts, as to delight in obedience, and to wait for those at his pleasure, whether he gives much or little, any or none. Learn to be still finding the sweetness of his commands, which no outward or inward change can disrelish, rejoicing in the actings of that Divine love within thee. Continue thy conflicts with sin, and though thou mayest at times be foiled, yet cry to him for help, and getting up, redouble thy hatred of it and attempts against it. Still stir this flame of God. That will overcome: “many waters cannot quench it.” It is a renewed pleasure to be offering up thyself every day to God. O! the sweetest life in the world is to be crossing thyself to please him; trampling on thy own will to follow his.—*Leighton*.

THE LUXURY OF PREACHING.

In his farewell discourse, Sunday evening, May 24th, on leaving for Europe, Rev. H. W. Beecher said:

My God has made my work its own reward. Although every summer I have a vacation of four Sabbaths—the month of August is mine—and although I have always been glad when vacation time came, and I repaired to the country to rest, yet I never was half so glad to get into vacation as to get out of it, and come back again to my people. For although my body needed rest, I bear witness that preaching has been to me meat and drink. I have not worked because it was my duty to work: I have worked because it was sweeter to work than to do any thing else. I take no credit for industry and enterprise. To have lain still would have been the self-denial. Not to have caught the fire of the age in which I lived would have been to be brutal. Not to have rejoiced to bear with Jesus Christ would have been to have forfeited all claim to discipleship. O, that I could have worked harder, done nobler things, and suffered more! Compared with what the apostles bore, my cup has run over. My cross has been so covered with flowers that I bore the garden in which the sepulcher was, rather than the cross. I suffered? Where are the wrinkles? I troubled? My name has been kicked like a football in the papers, but I have not! And as to all reproach, as to all inconveniences, does a man cry because there is a little cloud in the summer air? And what do these flitting things amount to? They are not half so bad as they seem, even; and they are the result of misapprehension, for the most part. What are all the miserable little con-

temptible frets and grievances that annoy us in this life, compared with the boundless joy of laboring for God? The privilege of standing before men to preach the truth to them, in any time of the world, is greater than the privilege of sitting upon a throne. Where, in all the world, is there such a throne as this pulpit? Where is there such a scepter as this right hand? Where is there such a crown as that which can be wrought out from this Word of God? Where is there such a monarch as I, or any man who stands in the chamber of your thought, your imagination, and your affection, and disposes all things there according to the everlasting precepts and principles of divine truth? Kings! Emperors! Poor stuff they are compared with ministers! A minister is the only king, if he understands himself. I do not mean those ministers who are taken by the ankle with the thread of propriety, and wound round, and round, and round till there is nothing left but a little mouth, and a small hole at that! I do not mean those ministers who are so afraid of their people, of the community, of their influence, of every thing but God and the devil, that they stand trembling. I know not how they feel. Never, in my wildest imagination, did it enter into my heart to conceive the sensations of a minister who stood thinking all the time what he should not say. But for the man who feels the license of infinite truth; for the man who feels the touches of God's heart; for the man before whom, brighter than the dawn of the morning, and more glorious than all the magnificence of the sunset, shines immortality; for the man who recognizes Christ and Christ's as his; for the man whose heart calls every man brother, and

loves him; for the man who loves so much that he dares to be faithful—for that man to have a free platform, where he can have men gathered together to hear him speak of the things that concern their immortality, their honor, their welfare here and hereafter, there is a luxury with which no other luxury can for one moment be compared.

REV. LOREN STILES,
of Albion, N. Y.

This eminent and devoted servant of Christ entered into rest at his home in Western N. Y., May 7, 1863. We clip from the *Earnest Christian* the following notice of his character.

Ens.

It is our mournful duty to record the death of this eminent minister of the gospel. It was fondly hoped that his disease, the fatal typhoid fever, had relaxed its grasp, and that he would recover, but God had decreed otherwise, and on Thursday evening, the 7th of May, his ransomed spirit, refusing longer to be detained on earth, took its upward flight to the realms of bliss. His sufferings, during his sickness, were very great, if, indeed, he was conscious of them, for he was delirious while the fever raged. A few days before his death, he became quiet and rational, but so great was his exhaustion, and such the condition of his throat and mouth through the influence of medicine and disease, that he was not able to converse much. He was greatly blessed in his soul when he was first taken sick, and to this he often referred, even during the ravings of delirium. He said to us one night when we were watching with him, "Bro. Roberts, I want you should go out and tell the committee, (supposing himself to be in the power of a committee of Knights of the Golden Circle,)

that I am ready to die in two hours, or one hour, or even this minute. What do I care for a little bullet through my body. The Lord has greatly blessed me, and I shall go straight to glory." The day before he died, he told the attending physician, that if he did not get well, ALL WAS RIGHT. After he began to run down, he gradually grew weaker and weaker, towards the last drawing his breath at longer intervals, until, without a groan or a struggle, his spirit passed over the Jordan of death, and entered upon the joys of Paradise.

His funeral, on the Sabbath following, was attended by an immense congregation; the large free church at Albion, built through his instrumentality, being crowded to its utmost, and many hundreds standing upon the outside, unable to gain admission. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. William Hosmer, editor of the *Northern Independent*. Thus passed away in the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness, one of the most able, eloquent, and faithful preachers of the day. We have seldom met his equal in the pulpit, and had he compromised to meet the popular taste, there is no doubt but he would have been heralded as one of the most talented ministers of the age. But his record is on high, his eloquent voice is hushed in death, and his works follow him.

One of the greatest discouragements we have had to meet with, in trying to promote spiritual religion, has been the early removal from the scene of conflict of those who seemed to be most necessary for the advancement of the cause.

Almost at the commencement of our ministry, Bishop Hamlin, who was probably doing more than any other living man to promote the work of ho-

liness, was laid aside by disease. The sainted Kendall, a man of the strongest faith we ever knew—a man endued with power from on high for the work of the pulpit, the altar and the family circle, whose track was marked wherever he went, by the most deep and thorough conversions, was cut down in the vernal vigor of robust man-hood.

The gifted Dr. Redfield, the most searching in his appeals to the conscience, and incomparably the greatest revivalist we ever knew, was also, by the touch of disease, compelled to leave a work that was dearer to him than life, at a time when it seemed as if he could not possibly be spared.

Others of our early associates have catered to the corrupting influences that prevail, or yielded to discouragement, and buried themselves alive; and now the courageous, the eloquent, the resolute, the noble Stiles, has been summoned away. We feel alone; we feel sad. What does it mean? Is God displeased with efforts to promote a pure religion, that he thus lays aside those who are doing most for its advancement? It cannot be. He takes away his workmen, but carries on his work. He would have HIS CHURCH—the church of the first-born—lean on him alone, and so he takes away its pillars, and sustains, by his unseen, almighty power, the trembling edifice whose downfall, to human appearance, seemed inevitable and near at hand. So it has always been. The good Josiah died in his fortieth year; while the wicked Manasseh who “made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to sin, and to do worse than the heathen,” swayed his unrighteous sceptre for more than half a century. We must have FAITH IN GOD. He still survives, and, instead of yielding to

discouragement, we should double our diligence, that when the Master calls for us we may be found of him in peace, “not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.”

PSALM XVII. 15.

BY MRS. B. P. S.

Be satisfied! this sinful worm
Of earth: this mortal, take
Upon itself thine image, Lord,
Or in thy likeness wake!
Ah! more than satisfied I'll be,
When I awake in heaven, like thee.

Will I lay off this flesh,
This body leave behind?
This will give up entire,
And be to *thine* resigned?
This, this alone, were heaven to me,
And more, when I awake like thee.

No struggles to maintain,
With doubt, or care, or fear;
No sad regrets, no clouds
Will o'er my head appear.
How long and bright that day will be,
When I awake, O Lord, like thee.

Will sorrow cease to claim
Me as her captive there?
Will I, when all is o'er,
A palm of victory bear?
Ah! grief is joy, if it but be
A pledge that I shall wake like thee.

My soul with rapture fills,
My heart is running o'er
With joy, at prospects bright,
Just on the other shore.
Friends wait, and wait to welcome me,
When I awake, dear Lord, like thee.

Northern Christian Advocate.

A GODLY LIFE.—Rest not, I entreat you, in a mere rational conviction of the truth of the gospel, but reduce your faith to practice. Embrace the gospel as well as assent to its truth. If christianity is true, it is the most important concern in the world. Avail yourselves of its precious invitations; obey its salutary precepts, and escape the dangers of which it gives warning.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

We clip the following from the Wesleyan Times of June 15th. We are rejoiced to learn as often as we hear from these excellent christian friends, that the Lord's hand is still with them in great power. We trust their bow will ever abide in strength, and that the prayers of the many thousands both in Great Britain and America by whom they are daily remembered at the throne of the heavenly grace will still continue to ascend in their behalf calling down everywhere the richest dews of heaven upon their fields of labor.

Forest-grove House, Nottingham, June 11, '63.

Dear Brother: You will unite with us in ascribing glory to God in the highest, when we tell you that we are witnessing the great and mighty things of our Almighty Lord in this place. Dear brother M. informs us that you were not unmindful of us and our work on Sabbath afternoon one week ago, when we commenced our labors here. And now our hearts are exclaiming, What hath God wrought!

That afternoon was truly memorable. We told the assembled multitude of disciples, if they would indeed bring the matter to a point, and at once prove God by bringing all the tithes into the Divine store-house, they might quickly see heaven's windows opened. Scores rose to their feet to manifest their resolve before God, men, and angels that they would consecrate all their redeemed powers, unconditionally and for ever, to the service of the Lord their Redeemer.

He whose name is Faithful and True poured out his Spirit in saving, sanctifying influences, and great grace rested upon us all. In the evening the arm of our Lord was made bare in the awakening and conversion of sinners. I do not remember to have heard how many were brought to God, but the work gloriously commenced; ever since

it has continued with increasing power. During the present week over one hundred, we trust, have been truly saved. Last evening (Wednesday) 42 were blest; Tuesday evening the same number; Monday evening, 20; Sabbath evening, 64; making 160 in four evenings. About 300 have been written on earth, and we trust also in heaven, as having received either justifying or sanctifying grace since we began our labors here eleven days ago. Far the largest number of those who have come forward as seekers have obtained pardon. I presume not less than 250 have been raised up, to testify that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

A gentleman at the mid-day meeting sent up a written petition, asking special prayer for all employed in his warehouse, numbering forty, male and female. The note from this employer stated that he intended to bring all in his employ to the evening service, and asked for united prayer that all might be arrested by the Spirit, and brought to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

This was evening before last. At the mid-day meeting yesterday this employer publicly returned thanks that nearly all the persons in his employ were converted the evening previous at the chapel. To-day he again returned thanks that the work was widening, a wife of one of his assistants having been converted last evening. I might relate other interesting incidents, but time forbids. Surely these are the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes. We have had much rain this week, but the chapel is nightly crowded, and it seems as if the whole congregation were under the solemn arrest-

ings of the Holy Spirit. "Alleluia! and again they said Alleluia!"

We dare not leave while the work is going on after this fashion.

Yours in Jesus,

PHOEBE PALMER.

To Jas. Holroyd, Esq.

EVERY HOUSE HAS ITS CROSS.

A widowed lady was almost in despair from the variety of hindrances, vexations, and disappointments she had to endure. She was quite overwhelmed with her domestic crosses, and had scarcely the heart to go on with her daily conflicts. "No other roof," she complained, "is so constantly beset with misery as mine." She had no idea that any neighbor of hers was half so crossed as herself; judging, as she did, from outward appearances. But it pleased God to teach her a lesson, through the instrumentality of a dream, which was the most wholesome medicine of which she could have partaken.

One night she dreamed that a whole town stood before her, and every house in it bore a cross against its door: on one it was a very large one, on the next it was of less size, and on others, though they were very few, it was but a small one. Among all the crosses, however, none appeared to her so light to carry as that at her own door. She awoke a new creature. What she had seen she had understood; and she recollected Christ's saying, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." She fell down upon her knees at once, and prayed God to pardon her for her complaining, murmuring, repining spirit, and besought him to release her from it, and fill her with his strengthening grace to bear her

cross, which from that hour forward she found to be light, as compared with the cross her own weakness had given her to bear. "Yes," she exclaimed, "'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,' for his 'yoke is easy, and his burden is light.'"

STRONG CHARACTER.

Strength of character consists of two things: power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence: strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake; because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a "strong man." The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak.

You must measure the strength of a man by the powers of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A. E. S.

At the age of seventeen I sought and found the Lord. My desire was to walk in the light of his countenance by cleaving unto him with my whole heart. The tempter came. He bade me look at the church—the major part of whom had nothing to do in the social meetings. It was suggested to me they are good christians and travelling heavenward—why could not I get along as easily as they? I began to ask God to excuse me and let me live as other christians lived.

O dreadful prayer! How soon I grieved the Holy Spirit! God gave me the desire of my heart, “but sent leanness into my soul.” I soon realized what a mistake I had made, and like Peter wept bitterly. About ten years I wandered in the wilderness. I maintained the form of godliness, but this did not satisfy my soul. A friend recommended my reading “Upham’s Interior Life.” I read it, and there found just the help I needed. I was now enabled through divine grace to make a full consecration of *all* to God as there directed. I felt that I must shun no cross but *obediently* go forward. By taking this stand Satan was greatly enraged, and everything that his art could devise was placed before me to hinder my progress. As long as I could see my enemy I could successfully resist him, but in these new assaults he was hid from my view. He again directed me to the church. So deeply laid were his plans that he well nigh drove me from the church. I neglected to attend the social meetings; my desires for full salvation became fainter and fainter, until I lost all confidence in this experience. The enemy had

now gained his point. A few years after, God, in his good providence, sent us a minister who did not fail to declare the whole truth of God. He exhorted the church to personal holiness, and immediate consecration as the condition. In conversation I told him I did not believe the doctrine. That night, after I had retired to my chamber, the Holy Spirit gave me to see that I had not, as I supposed been speaking against the errors of individuals, but against God’s own truth. I bowed before my Maker and humbly sought pardon, firmly resolving never to speak against the doctrine again. But this was not enough. I saw by the light imparted that it was my duty to be holy. My mind went back to the time when I was seeking the blessing and the trials that then came upon me, and led me to shrink from an attempt to start again. Suddenly, as if whispered by the Spirit, the thought came to me, “*Have faith in God.*” *He is able to chain the lions and carry you through the fire unhurt.* I now decided that I would seek the blessing. I would *die at the foot of the cross if need be, but never again turn back.* A few weeks after I attended a meeting for the promotion of holiness. Prof. Upham read a part of the 11th chapter of Deut. and then remarked that the Lord was just as willing to lead his children into the promised land—the land of holiness—now as he was formerly. His covenant remained unchanged, and the conditions were the same; i. e. obedience to his commands, and if we complied he would fight all our battles, and drive out all our enemies from before us. “*Ah,*” thought I, “*but is it so hard to obey God?*” But will he require aught at my hands, that he will not give me strength to perform? Sure-

ly not. It is perfectly *right* that I should obey him, and although my flesh shrinks from the cross, and I feel it is death indeed to my sinful nature, yet trusting in God, I *will* go forward. A few days after this, I renewedly consecrated all to God, not in my own strength, but fully relying upon the Word of God, that he was *able* and *willing* to do for me all he had promised. I gave my entire being to him—my interests for time and eternity—calmly and firmly resolving to do his will, as far as I knew it. That day God *revealed* himself to me, most graciously and filled my heart with peace and love, and for two weeks I realized an abiding sense of his presence, and an *assurance* that he was leading me. Whatever my state of mind might be, whether light or dark, I was satisfied. The desire of my heart was, that I might walk in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, and be enabled through grace, to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour, by a well ordered life and godly conversation. Thus God gently led me on, enabling me to give up all my idols, and teaching me to trust wholly in himself. Then I was led to feel the depravity of my heart as I never had before. The enemy beset me on every side. O, how severe was the conflict! I had no rest. I spoke of my trials at class meeting. At the close of the meeting a sister who had long enjoyed the blessing of holiness, invited me to call at her house. That night I dreamed an angel came to my bed and stooped and kissed me, and smiled so sweetly; and just then all my sorrow left me, and peace and joy filled my heart. I thought it was really an angel, yet it seemed the same christian sister who had spoken to me in the class room.

The next day I called at her house. I have never doubted that the Holy Spirit directed in the conversation, for every word seemed just what I needed. There, as in my dream, all my sorrow left me—the enemy was driven back and I was filled with peace and joy. The next morning was the Sabbath. O, what rest my soul enjoyed!

Wednesday morning while kneeling before God in prayer, I was suddenly overshadowed by the divine presence: the way of salvation by *faith in Christ* was revealed to me, and I was enabled to enter into the possession, through Christ who is indeed “the door.” O, blessed salvation! O, glorious fullness, who can describe it! I had supposed that I must fast and pray a great deal, but I now saw that faith in Christ was all that God required. How insignificant did *works* appear! Faith in Christ. *Faith in Christ* was the all sufficient medium. During the day I had a view of my state. I saw that I had gained an important position. I had been traveling through “miry clay,” but now my feet were firmly planted upon the rock. I saw I had nothing to fear because I had made the Lord my refuge. If the *tempter* came I had only to look to God and was saved from his power. I continued in this blessed state of rest four weeks, without once thinking that God had *cleansed* my heart, and granted me the blessing I had been seeking. One evening while reading in Upham’s Interior Life (chap. 21st, on the dispensation of the Holy Ghost in its fulness) “that one of the most decisive marks of the presence of the Holy Ghost in its fulness, is a resigned and peaceful state of the spirit, originating in perfect faith in God,” it came to my mind, Is not this what I’m enjoying? Every

word I read found a response in my own heart. I looked back and saw how gently God had led me. I had been in the enjoyment of this blessing four weeks, and the fact had been hidden from me. During this time I had been called to pass through some severe trials, which previous to this would have sorely vexed me, but I found that the deep peace of my heart had not been stirred. I was often led to wonder at myself. I now saw that God had been proving to me that *he was abundantly able to keep me from sin*. Then the cross was presented. Was I willing to go to the church and tell them how great things God had done for my soul? The answer of my heart was, "I will, O my Father, thy grace assisting me," and this I was enabled to do the next evening at the prayer meeting, and indeed at many subsequent meetings.

Nearly twelve years have passed since God wrought this work in my heart; and to the praise of Divine grace I would say, that during these years my steps have not declined backward. Every day I have endeavored to come to the altar of consecration, and give all to God, and I find him faithful to keep what is committed to his care. At all times I have been permitted to ask, and to *receive* forgiveness for my many imperfections and short comings, so that I have not been overcome by the tempter, but have enjoyed great peace of mind and comfort in the Holy Ghost, and a continued desire to please God and do his will in all things.

Brunswick.

KNOWLEDGE of Gospel doctrines is the candle, without which faith cannot see to do its work.

THE SHORT CANDLE.

As I sat in my chamber, I saw a little girl working by the light of a candle. It was burnt down almost to the socket. I perceived that she plied her needle very fast, and at length I overheard her saying to herself, "I must be very industrious, for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone."

What a moral there is, thought I, in the words of this child! Surely I may learn wisdom from it. Life is but a short candle. It is almost gone and I have no other. How earnestly engaged should I then be in every duty of life! While I have the light of life, how careful should I be to perform everything enjoined by my Heavenly Master!

I ought to be in haste to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing that when this light is extinguished, there is no other allowed to mortals for preparation.

I ought to be alive to the immortal interests of my fellow-creatures, working while it is called to-day, striving to bring sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ; for my brief candle is soon to go out, and there can be no conversion of sinners in another world.

I ought to be unceasingly active in every act of benevolence, making as many happy as I can, relieving the miserable, and doing good to all within my reach; for this light is soon to be put out, and in the other world the miserable and suffering will be beyond my reach.

I ought to use every talent for the glory of God and the kingdom of Christ, working the works of him that sent me, while it is day, because the night cometh in which no man can work.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."—Eccles. ix. 10.

PLAINNESS IN THE PULPIT.

A man who cannot make things plain, is not qualified to fill a pulpit. First of all, let the preacher think out his subject so thoroughly, that his ideas shall lie clear and distinct, like crystals, in his own mind; and then let him remember that a "straight line is the shortest distance between two points," and speak accordingly. What right has he to use an involved and tortuous manner, when declaring the great things of God—"darkening counsel by words without knowledge?" What right has he to come before plain people in the straight-jacket of professional dignity, and talk of "volition," instead of will, "intellectual processes," instead of thinking, and "moral obligation" instead of duty and the like, as if the very use of language were, as Talleyrand suggests, "to conceal one's thoughts?" What right has he to give his hearers the hard stone of metaphysics, when they are dying for the bread of heaven? What right has he to bring forward profound disquisitions and curious speculations, when the command is, "Preach the preaching that I bid thee!" And what right has he to hide that Christ whom he is to make known amid flowers of rhetoric, as Verelst, in his portrait of James II., virtually hid his majesty in a profusion of sun flowers and tulips? When the late young preacher, Erskine Hawes, was dying, he said, "I wish to live *to preach the Gospel more simply.*" How many at death's door have felt as he felt.—*Dr. H. C. Fish.*

THE INFLUENCE OF A TRACT.

Two hundred years ago, a humble pedlar sold a lad a tract, called "*The Bruised Reed,*" which led to his conversion. This was a simple and unpretending act of itself. But mark how the hidden life of the church is propagated, how one genuine convert swells the vital pulsations and augments the giant energies of the church. That lad was no other than Richard Baxter. His writings were the means of rousing, with scores of others, the soul of Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge's "*Rise and Progress of Religion*" was the means of quickening that illustrious advocate of freedom, William Wilberforce. William Wilberforce's "*Practical Christianity*" was the means of bringing Legh Richmond to Jesus. Legh Richmond's "*Dairyman's Daughter*" has been the means of bringing multitudes to the footstool of mercy. There were in Nov. 1856, in the records of the Tract Society alone, fifteen hundred cases of conversion attributable solely to the circulation of that little book. How many more have been converted by the same means, eternity only will reveal. Now could you this moment extinguish the results of Baxter's conversion—could you blot from the records of the church those who have lineally sprung, during the last two hundred years, from the loins of that single Puritan—you would pluck thousands upon thousands of sainted ones from their snowy seats in heaven, and thousands upon thousands of devoted ones from their circles of usefulness on earth. What a motive to labor, though it be in an humble way.

Do I feel a firm, unwavering confidence in God as my Father and my God.

GOD DIRECTS THE STORM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Once more, dear friends, you meet beneath
A clouded sky :
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,
And, on the sweet spring airs the breath
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,
Nor pain from chance ;
Th' Eternal orders circle round,
And wave and storm find mete and bound
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have trod,
Content with creed and garb and phrase :
A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,
Are made our own ;
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the ear
By others sown.

To see us stir the martyr fires
Of long ago ;
And wrap our satisfied desires
In the singed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore
On us is laid.
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,
And in the scale of truth once more
Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last
Is calling down
An answer in the whirl-wind blast,
The thunder and the shadow cast
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who
Stands guiltless forth ?
Have we been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brother true,
To Heaven and Earth ?

How faint through din of merchandize
And count of gain,
Has seemed to us the captives' cries ?
How far away tears and sighs
Of souls in pain ?

This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all ;
We hear amid our peaceful homes

The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain : the war-net draws
Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle brand
We may not take ;
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain ?
Shall we alone
Be left to add our gain to gain,
When over Armageddon's plain
The trump is blown ?

To suffer well is well to serve ;
Safe in our Lord
The rigid lines of law shall curve
To spare us ; from our heads shall swerve
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,
And joy with grief ;
Divinest compensations come.
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless
By word and deed,
The widow in her keen distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
The hearts that bleed !

For fields of duty opening wide,
Where all our powers
Are tasked the eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried :
THE SLAVE IS OURS !

Ours by tradition dear and old
Which make the race
Our wards to cherish and uphold,
And cast their freedom in the mould
Of Christian grace.

And may we tread the sick-bed floors
Where strong men pine,
And, down the groaning corridors,
Pour freely from our liberal stores
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast ?
God's hand within the shadow lays

The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn ; O outstretched Hand !
Nor stint, nor stay ;
The years have never dropped their sand
On mortal issue vast and grand.
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground
Of man's despair,
Is freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross !

ALL THINGS WORKING FOR GOOD.

All things work together for good to those
who love the Lord.

As I sit here at my little cottage window, this holy quiet Sabbath evening, and look on the glorious setting sun, gilding each tree, and hill and dale with its departing glory, the above blessed promise broke from my lips, and I asked myself—how have I been tested? Eight precious children had been taken from me—part in infancy were transplanted by a heavenly gardener to his paradise above; the rest in the bloom of manhood and womanhood; and one after another dear relatives had departed. How had such heavy afflictions (some of them coming in quick succession) worked together for my good? The calm and peaceful rest in Jesus I now enjoy, the perfect submission to his will, answers the questions.

To be brought into a fellowship with the world's redeemer through suffering, is indeed to feel that it has not only worked good, but an "eternal weight of glory." When in my early married life, a precious babe, my only boy was taken from my arms, I awoke to a

sense of the utter helplessness of my state out of Christ—I flew to him as my only refuge and yielded my poor heart to be comforted and regenerated through his atoning blood. Did not that affliction work for my good which brought me out of nature's darkness and illumined my soul with the glorious light of the gospel. Sometimes I think, what more can the Lord have in store for me that I have not already endured? But it brings no disquietude, my feet are on a sure foundation, and "though he slay me yet will I trust in him."

That precious promise was not left on record in vain, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." There is indeed a rest, a joy and peace for the stricken and bereaved heart—that joy of which the apostle speaks, as being not only joyful, but *exceeding* joyful in tribulation. To be one of those "who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" would recompense us for all our sufferings here.

S. G. S.

THE GLORY OF GOD.—This wonderful and beautiful universe is full of religious suggestions. Its glorious works move in obedience and praise. The stars sing their anthems, the ocean offers its tribute, the mountains kindle with adoration, the flowers waft their incense, and in this great fabric of creation are altars, and hymns, and myriads of worshippers—the burden of all being the glory of the Maker. Shall the human heart, amid all this, be the only dumb and tuneless thing? Shall the immortal soul, that stands in the scale of creation next to the angels, and possesses faculties nobler than all the glories of the outward universe, be unwilling and disobedient?—*Chapin.*

IS HE A CHRISTIAN?

"Is he a Christian?"

The question reached my ear as I sat conversing with a friend, and I paused in the sentence I was uttering, to note the answer.

"Oh, yes; he is a Christian," was replied.

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so. I was not aware of it before," said the other.

"Yes; he has passed from death unto life. Last week, in the joy of his new birth, he united himself to the Church, and is now in fellowship with the saints."

"What a blessed change!"

"Blessed, indeed. Another soul saved; another added to the great company of those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. There is joy in Heaven on his account."

"Of whom are they speaking?" I asked, turning to my friend.

"Of Fletcher Gray, I believe," was replied.

"Few men stood more in need of Christian graces," said I. "If he is, indeed, numbered with the saints, there is cause for rejoicing."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," responded my friend. "I will believe his claim to the title of Christian, when I see the fruit in good living. If he has truly passed from death unto life, as they say, he will work the works of righteousness. A sweet fountain will not send forth bitter waters."

My friend but expressed my own sentiments in this, and all like cases. I have learned to put small trust in "profession;" to look past the Sunday and prayer-meeting piety of people,

and to estimate religious quality by the standard of the Apostle James. There must be genuine love of the neighbor, before there can be a love of God; for neighborly love is the ground in which that higher and purer love takes root. It is all in vain to talk of love as a mere ideal thing. Love is an active principle, and, according to its quality, works. If the love be heavenly, it will show itself in good deeds to the neighbor; but, if infernal, in acts of selfishness that disregard the neighbor.

"I will observe this Mr. Gray," said I, as I walked homeward from the company, "and see whether the report touching him be true. If he is, indeed, a 'Christian,' as they affirm, the Christian graces of meekness and charity will blossom in his life, and make all the air around him fragrant."

Opportunity soon came. Fletcher Gray was a storekeeper, and his life in the world was, consequently, open to the observation of all men. He was likewise a husband and a father. His relations were, therefore, of a character to give, daily, a test of his true quality.

It was only the day after, that I happened to meet Mr. Gray under circumstances favorable to observation. He came into the store of a merchant with whom I was transacting some business, and asked the price of certain goods in the market. I moved aside, and watched him narrowly. There was a marked change in the expression of his countenance and in the tones of his voice. The former had a sober, almost solemn expression; the latter was subdued, even to plaintiveness. But, in a little while, these peculiarities gradually disappeared, and the aforetime Mr. Gray stood there unchanged, not only

in appearance, but in character. There was nothing of the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," spirit in his bargain-making, but an eager, wordy effort to gain an advantage in trade. I noticed that, in the face of an asseveration that only five per cent. over cost was asked for a certain article, he still endeavored to procure it at a lower figure than was named by the seller, and finally crowded him down to the exact cost, knowing as he did, that the merchant had a large stock on hand, and could not well afford to hold it over.

"He's a sharper!" said the merchant, turning towards me as Gray left the store.

"He's a Christian, they say," was my quiet remark.

"A Christian!"

"Yes; don't you know that he has become religious, and joined the Church?"

"You're joking!"

"Not a word of it. Didn't you observe his subdued, meek aspect, when he came in?"

"Why, yes; now that you refer to it, I do remember a certain peculiarity about him. Become pious! Joined the Church! Well, I'm sorry!"

"For what?"

"Sorry for the injury he will do to a good cause. The religion that makes a man a better husband, father, man of business, lawyer, doctor, or preacher, I reverence, for it is genuine, as the lives of those who accept it do testify. But your hypocritical pretenders I scorn and execrate."

"It is, perhaps, almost too strong language this, as applied to Mr. Gray," said I.

"What is a hypocrite?" asked the merchant.

"A man who puts on the semblance

of Christian virtues which he does not possess."

"And that is what Mr. Gray does when he assumes to be religious. A true Christian is just. Was he just to me when he crowded me down in the price of my goods, and robbed me of a living profit, in order that he might secure a double gain? I think not. There is not even the live and let live principle in that. No—no sir. If he has joined the Church, my word for it, there is a black sheep in the fold; or, I might say, without abuse of language, a wolf therein, disguised in sheep's clothing."

"Give the man time," said I. "Old habits of life are strong, you know. In a little while, I trust that he will see clearer, and regulate his life from perceptions of higher truths."

"I thought his heart was changed," answered the merchant, with some irony in his tones. "That he had been made a new creature."

I did not care to discuss that point with him, and so merely answered,

"The beginnings of spiritual life are as the beginnings of natural life. The babe is born in feebleness, and we must wait through the periods of infancy, childhood and youth, before we can have the strong man ready for the burden and heat of the day, or full-armed for the battle. If Mr. Gray is in the first effort to lead a Christian life, that is something. He will grow wiser and better in time, I hope."

"There is vast room for improvement," said the merchant. "In my eyes, he is, at this time, only a hypocritical pretender. I hope, for the sake of the world and the Church both, that his new associates will make something better out of him."

I went away, pretty much of the

merchant's opinion. My next meeting with Mr. Gray was in the shop of a mechanic to whom he had sold a bill of goods some months previously. He had called to collect a portion of the amount which remained unpaid. The mechanic was not ready for him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Gray," he began, with some hesitation of manner.

"Sorry for what?" sharply interrupted Mr. Gray.

"Sorry that I have not the money to settle your bill. I have been disappointed" —

"I don't want that old story. You promised to be ready for me to-day, didn't you?" And Mr. Gray knit his brows, and looked angry and imperative.

"Yes, I promised. But" —

"Then keep your promise. No man has a right to break his word. Promises are sacred things, and should be kept religiously."

"If my customers had kept their promises to me, there would have been no failure in mine to you," answered the poor mechanic.

It is of no use to plead other men's failings in justification of your own. You said the bill should be settled to-day; and I calculated upon it. Now, of all things in the world, I hate trifling. I shall not call again, sir!"

"If you were to call forty times, and I hadn't the money to settle your account, you would call in vain," said the mechanic, showing considerable disturbance of mind.

"You needn't add insult to wrong." Mr. Gray's countenance reddened, and he looked angry.

"If there is insult in the case, it is on your part, not mine," retorted the mechanic, with more feeling. "I am not a digger of gold out of the earth,

nor a coiner of money. I must be paid for my work before I can pay the bills I owe. It was not enough that I told you of the failure of my customers to meet their engagements" —

"You've no business to have such customers," broke in Mr. Gray, "no right to take my goods and sell them to men who are not honest enough to pay their bills."

"One of them is your own son," replied the mechanic, goaded beyond endurance. "His bill is equal to half of yours. I have sent for the amount a great many times, but still he puts me off with excuses. I will send it to you next time."

This was thrusting home with a sharp sword, and the vanquished Mr. Gray retreated from the battle field, bearing a painful wound.

"That wasn't right in me, I know," said the mechanic, as Gray left his shop. "I'm sorry, now, that I said it. But he pressed me too closely. I am but human."

"He is a hard, exacting, money-loving man," was my remark.

"They tell me he has become a Christian," said the mechanic. "Has got religion—been converted. Is that so?"

"It is a common report; but I think common report must be an error. St. Paul gives patience, forbearance, long-suffering, meekness, brotherly kindness, and charity, as some of the Christian graces. I do not see them in this man. Therefore, common report must be in error."

"I have paid him a good many hundreds of dollars, since I opened my shop here," said the mechanic, with the manner of one who felt hurt. "If I am a poor, hard-working man, I try to be honest. Sometimes I get a little

behind hand, as I am now, because people I work for don't pay up as they should. It happened twice before when I wasn't just square with Mr. Gray, and he pressed down very hard upon me, and talked just as you heard him to-day. He got his money, every dollar of it; and he will get his money now. I did think, knowing that he had joined the Church and made a profession of religion, that he would bear a little patiently with me, this time. That, as he had obtained forgiveness, as alleged, of his sins towards heaven, he would be merciful to his fellow-man. Ah, well! These things make us very skeptical about the honesty of men who call themselves religious. My experience with "professors," has not been very encouraging. As a general thing, I find them as greedy of gain as other men. We outside people of the world get to be very sharp-sighted. When a man sets himself up to be of better quality than we, and calls himself by a name significant of heavenly virtue, we judge him naturally, by his own standard, and watch him very closely. If he remain as hard, as selfish, as exacting, and as eager after money as before, we do not put much faith in his profession, and are very apt to class him with hypocrites. His praying and fine talk about faith, and heavenly love, and being washed from all sin, excite in us contempt rather than respect. We ask for good works, and are never satisfied with anything else. By their fruits ye shall know them."

On the next Sunday I saw Mr. Gray in church. My eyes were on him when he entered. I noticed that all the lines of his face were drawn down, and that the whole aspect and bearing of the man were solemn and devo-

tional. He moved to his place with a slow step, his eyes cast to the floor. On taking his seat, he leaned his head on the pew in front of him, and continued for nearly a minute in prayer. During the services I heard his voice in singing; and through the sermon, he maintained the most fixed attention. It was communion Sabbath; and he remained after the congregation was dismissed, to join in the holiest act of worship.

"Can this man be indeed self-deceived?" I asked myself, as I walked homeward. "Can he really believe that heaven is to be gained by pious acts alone. That every Sabbath evening he can pitch his tent a day's march nearer heaven, though all the week he has failed in the commonest offices of neighborly love?"

It so happened, that I had many opportunities for observing Mr. Gray, who, after joining the Church, became an active worker in some of the public and prominent charities of the day. He contributed liberally in many cases, and gave a good deal of time to the prosecution of benevolent enterprises, in which men of some position were concerned. But, when I saw him dispute with a poor gardener who had laid sods in his yard, about fifty cents; take sixpence off of a weary strawberry woman; or chaffer with his bootblack over an extra shilling, I could not think that it was genuine love for his fellow men that prompted his ostentatious charities.

In no instance did I find any better estimation of him in business circles; for his religion did not chasten the ardor of his selfish love of advantage in trade; nor make him more generous, nor more inclined to help or befriend the weak and the needy. Twice I saw

his action in the case of unhappy debtors, who had not been successful in business. In each case, his claim was among the smallest; but he said more unkind things, and was the hardest to satisfy, of any man among the creditors. He assumed dishonest intention at the outset, and made that a plea for the most rigid exactions; covering his own hard selfishness with offensive cant about mercantile honor, Christian integrity, and a religious observance of business contracts. He was the only man among all the creditors, who made his Church-membership a prominent thing—few of them were even church-goers—and the only man who did not readily make concessions to the poor, down-trodden debtors.

“Is he a Christian?” I asked, as I walked home in some depression of spirits, from the last of these meetings. and I could but answer No—for, to be a Christian is to be Christ-like.

“As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” This is the divine standard. “Ye must be born again,” leaves to us no latitude of interpretation. There must be a death of the old, natural, selfish loves, and a new birth of spiritual affections. As a man feels, so will he act. If the affections that rule in his heart be divine affections, he will be a lover of others, and a seeker of their good. He will not be a hard, harsh, exacting man in natural things, but kind, forbearing, thoughtful of others, and yielding. In all his dealings with men, his actions will be governed by the heavenly laws of justice and judgment. He will regard the good of his neighbor equally with his own. It is in the world where Christian graces reveal themselves if they exist at all. Religion is not a mere Sunday affair, but

the regulator of a man's conduct among his fellow-men. Unless it does this, it is a false religion, and he who depends upon it for the enjoyment of heavenly felicities in the next life, will find himself in miserable error. Heaven can not be earned by mere acts of piety, for heaven is the complement of all divine affections in the human soul; and a man must come into these—must be born into them—while on earth, or he can never find an eternal home among the angels of God. Heaven is not gained by doing, but by living.—*Steps Toward Heaven.*

HEART POWER.—A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be by a downright falsehood. Let a man be ever so ignorant, still, if his heart be full of love to a cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has heart power, heart force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a good strong heart, that beats hard, and there is no mistake about the power. Let him have a heart that is full up to the brim with an object, and that man will accomplish the object, or else he will die gloriously defeated and will glory in the midst of defeat. *Heart is power.*

THAT which is now our idol, may quickly become our burden, and we know not how soon we may be sick of what we were lately sick for.—*Henry.*

STEADFASTNESS IN A SOLDIER AND ITS REWARD.

A correspondent who is accustomed among other ways in doing good, thus writes of a soldier to whom she regularly mails a copy of our magazine.

I think you would be much interested in the case of a young man in our army, one of those to whom I send the Guide, and I have thought of penning you a little of his history.

He has *no relative* that he knows of in the world. He is a native of New Jersey, and both his parents died when he was quite young. Through a train of circumstances Providence directed him to this place, and by the efforts of a few individuals, under the blessing of God, he was brought to see his need of salvation and earnestly sought the pardon of his sins, and in a quiet room kneeling with three others beside himself, who were pleading with God in his behalf, he was soundly converted and filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

He lived a consistent christian life until about two years ago, when he felt it his duty to enlist as a soldier for his country, and he did so. His lot was cast among the most wicked and profane. He had no Chaplain, and in all his regiment there was no one that he could look to as a patron of piety, or for counsel and encouragement. He was ridiculed for his religion, and endured the taunts and jeers of wicked men who seemed to try to make him as wicked as themselves; but instead of yielding to the wicked influences around him, he learned to prize the favor of God more and more, and has continued to grow in grace. He has been in some of the most severe battles, and most of his regiment have fallen around him, but God has been with him. He

now holds a responsible position in the army, shares largely the confidence and love of both officers and men, has a devoted Chaplain, is active in religious meetings, has succeeded in getting those that would not have allowed him to kneel in silent prayer in their presence to refrain from swearing, and kneel in their little tent while he leads in prayer. A regimental church is formed, frequent meetings are held, backsliders are reclaimed, and numbers are enquiring what they shall do to be saved; and to use the language of his Chaplain, "he is a young man of spotless life and character, whose example is worthy of imitation, and is having a salutary influence on all around him."

If you could know of the gratitude he often expresses to the friends that cared for a "homeless wanderer" and pointed him to Jesus, you would not wonder that we like to send him the precious Guide to Holiness, and help him all we can to lead others to the same Christ that saves him.

M. A. H.

It requires a great degree of watchfulness to retain the perfect love of God; and one great means of retaining it, is frankly to declare what God has given you, and earnestly to exhort all the believers you meet with to follow after full salvation.

J. W.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN.—A poor man once said that there were three steps to heaven: out of self—into Christ—into glory.

WE know of no reason why God should not have the glory of our *sanctification* as well as that of our justification. Any argument against a profession of entire sanctification would be equally conclusive against a profession of justification.—*McDonald*.

HAVE YOU AN ANCHOR?

Looking out from our open window this morning towards the Bay we can see a home-bound ship riding gallantly up past the Quarantine station and the leafy shores of Staten Island. She looks weary from a long voyage; and on her bow, as a field-marshal wears a star upon his breast, she bears her *anchor*. It has done good service, and deserves its place of honor on her front. It has been her salvation on many a night of tempest. Though it hangs idle now, beneath her bowsprit, yet more than once when the gale struck her in the open roadstead; or, when off a wild lee-shore, the hurricane made hideous music through her cordage, like one immense harp strung to the gales, that anchor was unloosed, and running out with merry rattle of the chains, it dove straight downward to its resting-place. Upon the bottom of the deep its flukes took brave hold; and while the ship strained on the cable above, the patient flukes stoutly held on below. As soon might she attempt a voyage without a compass to guide her, or without canvas to impel her, as without an anchor to keep her from the devouring rocks or the yawning lee shore. So when she returns in triumph from a campaign with the elements, scarred with collisions of the angry deep, it is fitting that she bear on her bosom as a trust and a trophy, the good anchor that held her safely.

Voyager to eternity, have you the "anchor of the soul sure and steadfast?" It is the christian *hope*, Paul tells us. It is the hope in Christ which holds the soul of man as an anchor holds a ship. You cannot have it without knowing it, and if you have it, you will be none the better if you do not use it in the hour of need.

You will need it to keep you from drifting away into skepticism and unbelief. There is no such safeguard against practical infidelity as the possession of a living faith in Jesus. And the secret of so many lapses into error—of so much veering about with "every wind of doctrine"—is found in the lack of a well-grounded hope in the inner heart. As soon as the soul begins to swing away into painful doubts—doubts of God, of the truth of His Word, of the mercy of His dealings, of the triumph of His cause, or of the reality of heaven, then let go the anchor to the bottom. Nothing else will hold against that Devil of Doubt, but a practical faith in the Lord Jesus.

II. But if you are not assailed with doubts, you are certain to be assailed with troubles. No hurricane can arise more suddenly upon a full-rigged ship, when moving gracefully before an evening breeze than will the storms of adversity burst upon you; they will come, too, at the most unexpected moment. God lets loose his tempests on the sea, without an hour's warning. As a vessel is often stripped of her mainsail, or loses her spars before the seamen can man the yards to take in canvas, so it may be with you. You may be struck "all aback"—may be obliged to heave overboard many of your cherished possessions—you may be stripped of many a topsail which ambition had hoisted, or many a spar of prosperity, but if Christ is in the soul you cannot suffer wreck. Christ in the depths of the soul will anchor you. You do not *see* what holds a vessel when the storm is smiting her. The anchor is all invisible, as it lies in the untroubled quiet "full many a fathom deep." So when we see a man

beaten upon with adversity, or lying under a perfect Euroclydon of trials and yet preserving a calm cheerful spirit, we do not see, always, what is the secret of his serenity. We wonder why he is "not moved as other men are." But God sees a hope sure and steadfast, lying down deep beneath the surface. Trouble strips the man of much of his external gear and cordage, but never touches the interior source and strength of his piety. When Martin Luther was struck with sudden tempests he used to sing the Fortysixth Psalm above the roar of the winds; his anchor never dragged. The Devil let loose the utmost of his fury upon Paul; but the brave apostle had an "I know whom I have believed," that struck its flukes under the Rock of Ages. O God, thou wilt keep in perfect peace the soul that is staid on thee.

III. There is a danger to the christian greater than adversity or the persecution of enemies. It is from the stealthy *under-currents* of temptation. An unanchored ship may be lying on waters as smooth as glass, and yet before the master is aware, his keel is on a rock. The invisible tide bore him away so softly and so silently that he did not observe the motion. Had the wind risen he would have taken the alarm; he did not suspect that an under-current was stealthily carrying him away. So are thousands of christian professors carried on the rocks every day, not with the shocks of adversity, but by invisible under-currents. One man insensibly drifts into neglect of prayer, and into laxity of Sabbath observance. Another one feels the hand of sensual temptation on the keel, but takes no alarm until he strikes the rock with a hideous rent of his christian

character. Another gets in an under-current of worldliness; it swings him along slowly but surely, until he has lost sight of the light-house on the headland; he is aroused by no sudden shock, but when we look for him where he ought to be, he is not there. The world got hold of his keel, and his anchor had no hold on Christ. Is not this the secret of by far the larger part of all the backsliding in the church?

It is not strength of intellect that saves a man, nor the surroundings of society, nor alliance with a church, nor orthodoxy of belief. All these have proved but ropes of sand attached to anchors of straw. They never hold a man when the tide of temptation sets in. He must have christian principle or he is lost. No man is safe in business, or safe in public life, or safe in private morals, when his conscience is unloosed from Christ. When his godly principle gives way, he may float smoothly for awhile, but it is a mere question of time, how soon he shall strike and go to the bottom. Remember God never *insures* a man, even in the church, who has no anchor of true religion. And if you ever reach heaven, my friend, you will come in, like yonder vessel, with your anchor at the prow. You will give all the glory then, not to your own skill or your own seamanship, but to the blessed "Anchor, sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the vail."

"There are ships," says the eloquent Melville, "that never will founder in life's battles or go down in life's tempests. There are ships which shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky; and which, when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, shall be found

on tranquil and crystal waters, *resting beautifully on their shadows*. These are they who have trusted in Jesus; these are they who have been anchored upon Christ."—*Evangelist*.

EXPERIENCE.

BY L. B.

Years have passed since first I gave my heart to Christ, and my name to the Church. I recollect, as it were but yesterday, when a dear and very intimate friend of mine, who had herself but a short time before found the "pearl of great price," took me by the hand and led me a trembling penitent to the altar of prayer; and though I did not feel that deep conviction for sin which I had felt at other times, yet I prayed earnestly that God would soften my heart and teach me how to approach him aright. I did not struggle long with unbelief and hardness of heart. Soon the "Sun of Righteousness" arose with healing in his wings, my darkened soul became illuminated with the Light of life, and I was enabled to believe that God had for Christ's sake forgiven all my sins.

Ten years passed away. Sometimes my way was bright and clear, sometimes hedged up. Sometimes I could trust my Heavenly Father, at others I was in doubts and fears and perplexities. I felt the workings of inbred sin, and a carnal, evil nature. The enemy often suggested "Perhaps you are deceiving yourself, and have never been converted." I did not even know this to be a suggestion of Satan, but believed it proceeded from my own hard heart. Trembling, doubting, fearing, I knew not what to do. Often I found myself engaged in that I knew was wrong. I tried to be a Christian, but when I would do good evil was

present with me. I tried to return like the prodigal, but found that

"Sin's deceitfulness had spread
A hardness o'er my heart."

For months I felt so deeply my lost, unhappy condition that I found no rest by day or night. When I retired I feared to close my eyes lest I should awake in eternity. I tried to repent and to feel more deeply my need of repentance. I tried to pray but the heavens seemed as brass, and I feared God had indeed withdrawn his Holy Spirit and left me alone to battle with the adversary. I did not know the right and the good way. I felt sure that I had deceived myself in regard to my conversion; yet I could not let my Saviour go—I clung fast to the hem of his garment—fearing, trembling, yet believing I would be made whole. While in this perplexed state—tied to earth, yet seeking freedom from its allurements—the Lord was pleased to remove from me the idol of my affections. Though my heart was bleeding at every pore, yet I resolved to bow in meek submission to his will concerning me. Then it was that I could let go of earth and with solemn vows I entered into a covenant with my Maker to not rest until I found rest in believing. Boldly did I take up my cross and go forth where duty led me. It was in a protracted meeting held in the winter of '62, that my burden of sinful unbelief was removed. Our pastor, Rev. W. W. Parsons, had plainly set forth the way of life, and pointed out the terrors of a broken law. Many came forward crying for mercy. While endeavoring to point out, to a dear sister, who like myself had lost her first love, the merit of a crucified Redeemer, and pleading in her behalf, my chains fell off; the fetters binding me to earth were bro-

ken, and oh, what rapture—what glory filled my soul. Never had I so realized the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of Christ. A new song was put in my mouth even songs of praise. Then

"I could tell to all around,
What a dear Saviour I had found."

Then I felt in verity "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Reader! I cannot express to you the raptures of a soul set free from sin. Do you enjoy perfect love? Oh, let me urge you to "come out and stand upon the mount before the Lord." Sit not down in sorrow, but arise and press up near thy Saviour, casting your sorrows at his feet. Let not doubts distract or fears distress you. Liberty from inward corruption and outward sin is attainable. Will you seek it? Remember, without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Oh, then let us seek not only to attain but to retain that inward purity that forms within us a silent heaven of love.

St. George.

THE SHINING ONES.—It is said that a pure diamond may be recognized by putting it under water, when it retains all its brilliancy, while all other precious stones lose their peculiar appearance.

Thus it is with the person who is made pure in the blood of Jesus. However deep the waters are which overflow the soul, still his light shines, showing the peculiar excellency of the christian's hope, and the power of Divine grace. Of such it may be truly affirmed, "Ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life."

"HE DIED AT HIS POST."—That pilot dies nobly, says Seneca, who perishes in the storm with the helm in his hand.

THE OLD MILL.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

You do not see it till you begin to go down a steep, winding path—the old mill! It is surrounded with beautiful shade-trees and flowers, growing all around. When the water is let on and the great wheel turns round, the spray rises, and the sun shines on it, and a rainbow often hangs over it. The mill was new, and it seemed as if it would almost go of itself. The waters seemed to shout with gladness as they rushed upon the wheel, and the birds sang in the trees, and everything was fair and good. Day after day and year after year the mill was kept in motion. Children who grew up near it felt as if it had always been there, and always would be there!

But after the mill had stood about seventy years, and had received the name of "the old mill," the timbers became weak. It seemed to tremble under its labors. When the water was let on the wheel, the old joints creaked and groaned, and it seemed to take a great while to get all the wheels in motion. It ground slower and slower. It creaked in every part. It was very plain that the old mill was nearly worn out. Every year it grew feebler, and did less and less work.

One day the owner came that way to talk with the tenant, or the man who lived in it.

"Well, Mr. Willard, the old mill is almost worn out!"

"Yes, sir; but you see I have set up poles against it to prop it up, and I mean to get more, and so I hope to keep it agoing!"

"It will do no good. The poor old thing is worn out. It was built of frail materials, and no propping can save it."

"But, sir, what do you propose to do?"

"To take it down."

"What! the mill I have lived in so long? I can't have it done, sir! I claim it as—"

"But, Mr. Willard, have you been careful and faithful to pay me the rent on the old mill?"

Mr. Willard hung his head, for he knew that he had paid but very poor rent!

"Must it come down, and I be turned out of my home?"

"Yes, it must come down, or fall down. But I will tell you what I will do. I will take it down carefully myself, and will save everything in it that is worth saving. And then I propose a new mill higher up the stream, near the great lake. I have selected a beautiful spot—O far more beautiful than this, where the sun always shines, and the birds always sing, and the flowers are always fresh. It is a place so beautiful that the angels come there and bring their harps and sing. And there I propose to erect the new mill—not of such frail timbers as this is built with, but of *durable* materials, such as will last ages and ages. And I am going to make it in such a way that the very moving of the wheels will make music, as if the mill was one great organ to praise God with. It will never grow old, or need taking down, or even repairing. Won't that be glorious?"

"When shall you take this down?"

"O, very soon."

"But who will live in the new mill?"

"You shall."

"But what shall I do while it is building?"

"O, I will take care of you. I have

a beautiful summer house on the hill that they call Zion, among the trees, where you will be safe, and ready to enter the new mill. Don't have any fears!"

Does the reader understand my story? The human body is the mill; the earth is the place where it stands; the life that God pours into us every day is the water let on the wheel; the trees around us are the comforts and blessings that God gives us; the birds that sing are the joys and the gladness of life; the rainbow over the great wheel are the bright hopes that hang over us every day.

But we grow old. The poor old man lives in an old mill. Life seems hardly to move the wheels now. He cannot stand straight up as he once did. He trembles, and can't work as he once could. He must die. The owner—God himself—will come and carefully take down the old mill. But he will build a new one, higher up the stream, nearer the Lake—himself—and make it of materials that never decay! Good old man! Disciple of Christ! Come out from the old mill while it is being rebuilt, and as you come sing, "I know that if my earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

Sunday School Times.

DIVINE UNION.—True union with God, is to do his will without ceasing, in spite of all our natural disinclination and in every duty of life, however disagreeable or mortifying.

THE poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset, and as much silver in the moon, as any body.